

# Pomeroy Weekly Telegraph.

THOMAS U. WHITE,

"Independent in All Things—Neutral in Nothing."

Editor & Publisher,

VOLUME VIII.

POMEROY, MEIGS COUNTY, OHIO, THURSDAY MAY 11, 1865.

NUMBER 19.

## Pomeroy Weekly Telegraph.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

THOMAS U. WHITE.

Office in first story of Russell's Building, near  
Ohio and Main streets, Pomeroy, Ohio.  
All applications for subscription, advertising  
and job work should be made at the office.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE YEAR 1865.

If paid in advance, \$2; if paid within the year,  
\$2.50; thereafter, \$3.

No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages  
are paid, unless at the option of the publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

TIME.	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	10th	11th	12th	13th	14th	15th	16th	17th	18th	19th	20th
1st 10 lines	1.00	.75	.50	.25	.10	.05	.02	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01
2nd 10 lines	.75	.50	.25	.10	.05	.02	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01
3rd 10 lines	.50	.25	.10	.05	.02	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01
4th 10 lines	.25	.10	.05	.02	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01
5th 10 lines	.10	.05	.02	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01
6th 10 lines	.05	.02	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01
7th 10 lines	.02	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01
8th 10 lines	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01
9th 10 lines	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01
10th 10 lines	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01	.01

Legal advertisements charged at rates allowed  
by law.

Casual or transient advertisements must be  
paid for in advance.

Advertisements not having the number of insertions  
marked on copy, will be continued until  
forbidden, and charged accordingly.

All communications and notices will be charged  
in proportion, excepting obituary and marriage  
notices, which to subscribers will be gratuitous  
for five lines or less; over five lines will be sub-  
jected to the usual charge. Religious notices of  
five lines or less will be inserted gratuitously.

All advertisements, to insure insertion,  
must be brought in before the Tuesday morning  
prior to the day of publication.

## Business Cards.

T. A. PLANTS.

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Pomeroy, O.  
Office at the office of the Sugar Run Salt Co.

LEWIS PAINE.

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Pomeroy, O.  
Office in Court House.

E. HUTTON.

Circuit Surveyor and Attorney at Law, Of-  
fice in the Court House, Pomeroy, Ohio.

T. W. HAMPTON.

Attorney and Counselor at Law, Cheshire,  
Gallia County, Ohio. Prompt attention given  
to the collection of claims.

N. & G. P. SIMPSON.

Attorneys and Counselors at Law, Pomeroy, Ohio.  
Office up stairs in the Court House.

MARTIN HAYS.

Attorney-at-Law, Harrisonville, Meigs Co., O.,  
will promptly attend to all business that may  
be entrusted to his care, in the several States  
of Ohio and in the U. S. Court for the  
Northern and Southern Districts of Ohio.

SUGAR RUN SALT COMPANY.

Salt 25 cents per bushel. Office near the Furnace.  
[7-1] T. A. PLANTS, Agent.

POMEROY SALT COMPANY.

Salt 25 cents per bushel. [7-1]

W. A. AICHER.

Watchmaker and Jeweler, and wholesale  
and retail dealer in Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and  
Fancy Goods, Front street, below the "Remington  
House," Pomeroy, Ohio. Particular attention  
paid to repairing all articles in my line.

F. LYMAN.

Painter and Glazier, back room of P. Lam  
brock's Jewelry Store, west side Court street,  
Pomeroy, O.

A. KOHL.

Dealer in and Manufacturer of Umbrella,  
Cane, etc., 2d door from Front  
Pomeroy, Ohio. He also repairs Um-  
brellas, and purchases old ones at liberal  
prices.

May 8, 1865.—1st-14.

LEWIS PAINE.

Will attend promptly to Collecting Bounty  
Money, Arrears of Pay, and Pensions due to  
Disabled and Discharged Soldiers, and the  
Widows of deceased soldiers.

W. H. LASLEY, Pomeroy, Ohio—

CLAIM AGENT.

Will attend promptly to the Collection of just  
claims against the Government.

PENSIONS, BOUNTIES,

Arrears of Pay, value of Houses and other  
Property, lost while in the Service, etc., etc.—  
Office in Court House.

A. SEEBOLD.

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY.

DEALER IN OILS, PAINTS, BRUSHES,  
Varnishes, Dyestuffs, Perfumery,  
and Fancy Articles.

Front Street, Pomeroy, Ohio.

Prescriptions carefully put up. Jan. 7.—7-1.

POMEROY IRON COMPANY.

POMEROY, OHIO.

Keep constantly on hand and make to order  
all sizes of the celebrated

POMEROY IRON.

Orders filled on short notice.  
[7-11-14] C. GRANT, Agt.

DENTISTRY.

DR. D. C. WEALEY, Dentist.

Office on Court Street, one door below McGuire  
& Smith's Leather Store. Work warranted.  
7-1

T. U. WHITE, Jr., & Co.

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

—AND—

Commission Merchants.

No. 24 EAST SECOND STREET,  
CINCINNATI, O.

Dealers in Salt Fish, Dried Fruits, Nuts,  
Butter, Lard, Bacon, Canned Fruits, Saus-  
ages, Limberg Cheese, Dried Beef, &c.

R. H. STEWART.

General Commission Merchant, No. 7 East  
Front Street, Cincinnati.

DR. D. MAYER.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

NEW HAVEN, WEST VA.

All calls on either side of the river will be  
carefully attended to.

## Perry.

CAN THERE BE HARM IN KISSING?

The waters kiss the pebbly shore,  
The wind all over the hills.

The sunbeams kiss the tulip bud  
For the dew it distills.

The dew-drops kiss the rose at morn,  
And fern and flower in evening clasp  
The mystic beauties weave.

The moonbeams kiss the clouds at night,  
The star-beams kiss the sea,  
While shadows, dreamy, soft and light,  
Are kissing on the lea.

The zephyrs kiss the blushing pink  
That blooms on beauty's lip,  
And tender blushes, though cold and chill,  
Their friendly kisses give.

The winds, the waves, the budding flowers,  
The singing, merry rills,  
Are kissing all from morn to eve;  
And clouds still kiss the hills.

On Heaven and earth do meet to kiss,  
Through tears of sparkling dew;  
In kissing them, can there be harm?  
I don't think so—do you?

Ode for the Funeral of Abraham Lincoln.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

Oh, slow to smile and swift to spare,  
Heath and meadow and just fair,  
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear  
The sword of power—a nation's trust.

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,  
Amid the awe that hushes all,  
And speak the anguish of a land  
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done—thy bonds are free:  
We bear thee to an honored grave,  
Where noblest monument shall be  
The broken fibers of the slave.

Pure was thy life, thy blood close  
Hadst placed thee with the sons of light,  
Among the noble host of those  
Who perish in the cause of right.

COMING HOME.

They are coming! they are coming!  
Those brave-hearted, sturdy men,  
Over hill and over valley  
To their northern homes again.

They have secured the battle  
Bivouacked upon the ground;  
They have heard the bullet's rattle  
And the cannon's thundering sound.

Henry Ward Beecher's Tribute to  
the late President.

The New York Tribune says:

Henry Ward Beecher's church was crowded  
on Sunday morning to its full capacity, and  
hundreds were turned away from the doors.

Half an hour before the services commenced  
all the seats were filled, and large numbers  
crowded the aisles and entrance, and per-  
sons even sat upon the pews, the platform  
and stood outside looking in at the windows.

After prayer, the singing of hymns, and the  
reading of the 90th Psalm, Mr. Beecher took  
as his text the first five verses of the last  
chapter of Ecclesiastes, and commenced his  
discourse by drawing a parallel between the  
history of Moses, after leading his people  
many weary years through the wilderness, ob-  
taining only a vision and not a realization of  
the promised land, and dying; and that of  
the late President passing through toil, sor-  
row and war, to come near to the promised  
land of peace, into which he might not pass  
over.

The speaker went on to say that two such  
words of joy and sorrow never before came  
together, as we had witnessed in one week.  
The joy of the nation came upon us suddenly,  
with such a surge as no words could describe.  
Men laughed, embraced each other, sang and  
prayed, and many could only weep deeply.  
In one hour joy had no pulse. The sorrow  
was so terrible that it stunned sensibility.  
The first feeling was the least, and men waited  
for strength to feel. Other griefs be-  
longed always to some one in chief, but this be-  
longed to all. Men walked for days as though  
a corpse lay in their house. The city forgot  
to roar. Never did so many hearts in so brief  
a space feel such a double feeling. It was  
the uttermost of joy and the uttermost of  
sorrow—noon and midnight without a space  
between. We should not mourn, however, be-  
cause the departure of the President was so  
sudden. When one is prepared to die, the  
suddenness of death is a blessing. They that  
are taken awake and watching as the bride-  
groom dressed for the wedding, and not those  
that die in pain and stupor, are blessed. Nei-  
ther should we mourn the manner of his death.  
He who pays the penalty of his sin, and who  
is the uttermost of joy and the uttermost of  
sorrow, is the hour of victory, and it was  
meant that he should be joined in a com-  
mon experience in death with the brave men  
to whom he had been joined in all his sym-  
pathy and life. This blow was but the expiring  
rebellion. Epitomized in this foul act we find  
the whole nature and disposition of slavery. It  
is fit that its expiring blow should be such as  
to take away from men the last forbearance,  
the last pity, and fire the soul with invincible  
determination. The breeding system of  
such mischiefs and monsters shall be forever  
utterly destroyed. We needed not that he  
should put on paper that he believed in  
slavery with treason, with murder, with  
cruelty infernal, hovered around that majestic  
man to destroy his life. He was himself the  
liberty, and he carried the poison that be-  
longed to slavery; and as long as this nation  
lives it will never be forgotten that we have  
had one martyr President—never, never,  
while time lasts, while Heaven lasts, while  
hell rocks and groans, will it be forgotten  
that slavery by its minions slew him, and in  
slaying him made manifest its whole nature  
and tendency. This blow was aimed at the  
life of the Government. Some murders there  
have been that admitted shades of palliation,  
but not such a one as this—without provoca-  
tion, without reason, without temptation,  
springing from the fury of a bear, cankered to  
all that is pure and just by slavery. The blow  
has failed of its object. The Government  
stands more solid to-day than any pyramid of  
Egypt. Men love liberty and hate slavery to-  
day more than ever before. How naturally,  
how easily the Government passed into the  
hands of the new President, and I vow my  
belief, said the speaker, that he will be found  
a man true to every principle of liberty, true to  
the whole truth that is imposed in him, true to  
the Constitution, careful of the laws, wise  
for liberty, in that he himself for his life-  
long has known what it is to suffer from the  
stings of slavery, and to prize liberty from the  
bitter experiences of his own life. Even he  
that sleeps has by this event been clothed with  
new influence. His simple and weighty words  
will be gathered up by those of Washington, and  
quoted by those who were his allies, would re-  
fuse to listen. Men will receive a new access  
to patriotism. I swear you on the altar of his  
memory, to be more faithful to that country

for which he has perished. They will, as they  
follow his hearer, swear a new hatred to that  
slavery against which he warred, and which  
vanquished him, and made him a martyr and  
conqueror. I swear you by the memory of  
this martyr to hate slavery with an unabating  
hatred and to pursue it. They will admire the  
firmness of this man in justice, his inflexible  
conscience for the right, his gentleness and  
moderation of spirit, which not all the hate of  
party could turn to bitterness. And I swear  
you to his justice and to his moderation and  
to his mercy. How can I speak to that twi-  
light million to whom his name was as the  
name of an angel of God, and whom God  
sent before them to lead them out of the house  
of bondage. O Thou Shepherd of Israel, that  
didst comfort Thy people of old, Thy care  
we commit thee helpless, and long wronged  
and groaning, and now the martyr moving in  
triumphant march mightier than one alive.

The nation rises up at every stage of his com-  
ing; cities and States are as palm-beaters, and  
the cannon beats the hours in solemn progres-  
sion; dead, dead, dead, he is not dead, he is  
Washington dead? Is Hampton dead? Is  
David dead? Is any man that ever was fit  
to live, dead? Disenthralled from the flesh  
and risen to the unobstructed sphere where  
passion never comes, he begins his limitless  
work. His life is now grafted upon the in-  
finite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life  
can be. Pass on. Four years ago, oh Illi-  
nois, we took from your midst an untimely man  
from among the people. Behold, we return  
him to you a martyr conqueror, not a slave any  
more, but the nation—not ours, but the  
world's. Give him place, on ye prairies! In  
the midst of this great continent his dust  
shall rest a sacred treasure to myriads who  
shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew  
their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that  
move over the mighty space of the West, chant  
his requiem! Ye people, behold the martyr  
whose blood, as so many articulate words,  
pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!

A Partial Parallel to the Murder  
of President Lincoln—The  
Murder of William, Prince of Orange.

The cold-blooded murder of our beloved  
President, by the very side of his wife, recalls  
to mind the remarkable assassination of Wil-  
liam, Prince of Orange, in the city of Delft, in  
1584, so vividly described by Motley in his  
Rise of the Dutch Republic. The account  
possesses so much interest to the general reader  
of this time, that we give the material por-  
tion of it below.

Cardinal Granville and Philip of Spain set  
a price upon the head of William, Prince of  
Orange, in the following words:

"We expose the said William of Nassau,  
as an enemy of the human race, giving his  
property to all who may seize it. And if any  
of our subjects, or any stranger, should be  
found sufficiently generous of heart to rid us  
of this pest, delivering him to us alive or dead,  
or taking his life, we will cause to be furnished  
him, immediately after the deed shall have  
been done, the sum of twenty-five thousand  
crowns in gold. If he have committed any  
crime, however heinous, we promise to pardon  
him; and if he be not already noble, we will  
enoble him for his valor."

In consequence of this infamous offer five  
attempts were made to assassinate William,  
Prince of Orange, within the period of two  
years. Salceda and Baza sought to poison  
him in 1582, but were detected. Baza com-  
mitted suicide in prison, and the wretched Sal-  
ceda was condemned and torn to pieces by four  
horses hitched to his limbs. In 1583 Pietro  
Dondogio was executed for seeking to assas-  
sinate the Prince.

In 1584 Hans Hannzon was executed for  
attempting to destroy the Prince by means of  
gunpowder concealed under his house and un-  
der his seat in the church. "He confirmed,"  
says Motley the historian, "that he had dis-  
covered the details of the enterprise with the  
Spanish Ambassador in Paris." Le Goth, a  
French officer, was also bribed to poison the  
Prince, but afterwards revealed the plot to  
him, and remained his faithful friend. "Thus  
the Spanish Government had made five un-  
successful attempts to assassinate its great ad-  
versary, and the greatest statesman and purest  
patriot who ever lived in Europe. At six-  
teenth and too successful attempt, speedily followed.  
Balthazar Gerard, a native of Burgundy—a  
man, insignificant-looking creature—had in-  
troduced himself to the Prince as the son of a  
man who had been put to death for his devo-  
tion to the Prince's cause and church. The  
assassin disguised his horrid design under the  
cloak of intense and devoted friendship and  
tenderness. He told the guard and stood  
before the Prince's door, that he needed some  
money to purchase some shoes and stockings,  
so as to be able to attend the church when the  
Prince worshipped. The guard communicated  
the fact to his master, who instantly sent  
Balthazar a purse. The assassin took the  
money and bought a pair of pistols on the fol-  
lowing morning from a soldier, who stabbed  
himself to the heart, on hearing of the horrid  
use to which the pistols had been applied.

On Tuesday, the 10th of July, the Prince,  
with his wife on his arm, followed by the  
members of his family, were going to dinner  
when Gerard presented himself at the door  
and demanded a passport. The Prince, struck  
with the pale and agitated countenance of the  
man, anxiously questioned  
his husband concerning the stranger. The  
Prince carelessly observed that "it was merely  
a person who came for a passport," and or-  
dered the Secretary to write one. The Prin-  
cess observed in an undertone that "she had  
never seen an villainous countenance." At  
two o'clock the company rose from the table  
and the Prince led the way to his private  
apartments alone. As he reached the second  
stair, a man emerged from the recess, and  
standing within a foot or two of him dis-  
charged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls  
entered his body. The Prince exclaimed in  
French, "O God, have mercy upon this poor  
people!" His master of horse caught him in  
his arms as the fatal shot was fired. He was  
laid on a couch in the dining room, when, in  
a few minutes, he breathed his last in the arms  
of his wife and sister. The murderer suc-  
ceeded in making his escape through the side-  
door, and sped swiftly up the narrow lane—  
He was soon overtaken, and boldly owned the  
deed. Upon being questioned by the Magis-  
trates, he manifested neither despair nor con-  
trition, but, after brutal exaltation, when asked  
showed no credulity or disappointment. He  
had discharged three poisoned balls into the  
Prince's stomach, and he knew that death  
must have already ensued. He confessed that  
he had brooded over the commission of the  
deed for seven years, and that if he were  
a thousand years hence he would return to  
order to do the deed, if possible. He was put  
to the rack, and endured his tortures with con-  
stanty. "Ecce Homo!" he exclaimed from  
time to time, as he raised his blood-streaming

head from the bench. His judges believed  
him to be supported by witchcraft, and sent for  
the priest of the convent to destroy the charm.  
Sentence was then pronounced against Ger-  
ard. It was decreed:

That his right hand should be burned off  
with a red-hot iron.

That his flesh should be torn from his bones  
with pincers in six different places.

That he should be quartered and disembow-  
elled alive.

That his heart should be torn from his bosom  
and strung in his face.

That he should have his head taken off.

The fearful sentence was literally executed  
on the 14th of July, the wretch supporting his  
torments with astonishing fortitude. His lips  
were seen to move up to the time his heart  
was thrown in his face. "Then," said a look-  
er-on, "he gave up the ghost."

The parents of Gerard received the three  
seigniories of Livermont, Hortel and Daup-  
marque, and took their place at once among  
the landed gentry of the country.

William of Orange, at the period of his  
death, was aged fifty-one years. He was bur-  
ied on the 3d of August, at Delft, amid the  
tears of a whole nation. Never was a more  
extensive, unaffected, legitimate sorrow felt at  
the death of any human being. In all re-  
spects he was the first statesman of his age.  
His character remained undimmed, even when  
compared with that of Washington.

Statue to Abraham Lincoln and  
Monument to Deceased Ohio Sol-  
diers.

At a meeting held in the City Hall this  
evening, for the purpose of devising means to  
erect a statue to Abraham Lincoln, Col. Jas.  
A. Godman was appointed Chairman, and J.  
J. Janney Secretary.

The following Executive Committee was  
appointed:

Gov. JOHN BROWN, Chairman.

ALBION J. ANDERSON, Agent-General.

Col. J. H. GODMAN, Auditor of State.

G. VOLNEY DORNEY, Treasurer State.

WM. HENRY SMITH, Secretary State.

CHAS. N. OLDS, Attorney General.

R. B. CORY, Adjutant General.

MERRILL BARLOW, Q. M. General.

J. J. JANNEY.

W. G. DESHLER.

S. N. FIELD.

S. M. SATTI.

B. GILMORE.

JOSEPH SULLIVANT.

Geo. M. PARSONS.

SAUL GALEY.

Citizens of Columbus.

After remarks by Hon. Samuel Gallows,

Gen. Geo. W. Wright, Dr. G. V. Dorsey, W. T.  
Coggshall, Maj. R. P. L. Baber and J. E.  
St. Clair.

On motion of L. J. Critchfield, Esq., the  
Executive Committee was authorized to fill  
vacancies in its own body, and to appoint  
County Committees.

On motion of Hon. Samuel Gallows, the  
Executive Committee was instructed to re-  
ceive and consider the memorial of the  
citizens of the county of Franklin, Ohio, in  
the erection of suitable monuments in Capitol  
Square to the late lamented President Lin-  
coln, and to the Soldiers of Ohio fallen in de-  
fense of the country during the rebellion; and  
that the manner and kind of monuments to be  
erected shall be left to the future action of the  
people as may be expressed by their repre-  
sentatives of the General Committee, and that  
the said General Committee be and they are  
authorized to appoint this evening, and an  
additional member from each Congressional  
District, to be appointed by the local commit-  
tees of the counties in the respective districts.  
JAS. H. GODMAN, Pres't.

J. J. JANNEY, Sec'y.

COLUMBUS, April 25, 1865.

A Sad History.

We yesterday met a young and interesting  
girl at the home of an acquaintance, who told  
us a tale of wrong and suffering that would fur-  
nish material for a good-sized novel.

One year ago this young lady left her home  
in Pennsylvania—a home where all the luxu-  
ries of life were at her command. Her parents  
were indulgent, and she—an only child—was  
loved by them with all the fulness of true pa-  
ternal affection. No wish of hers remained  
ungratified, for she was the idol of those re-  
vered, and the light of a home made desolate  
by an act which will forever cast its shadow  
on her heart.